

Ryan, Toronto Varsity Editor Dismissed from His Position

WRITER OF "PETTING" EDITORIAL ACCUSES PROFS. OF SUCCUMBING TO FEMININE BLANDISHMENTS—FAITHFUL STAFF RESIGNS ON HIS DISMISSAL—AT OUTS WITH STUDENT COUNCIL

L. J. Ryan, Editor of the "Varsity," the University of Toronto's Undergraduate publication, has been dismissed from his position by the Joint Executive of the Students' Administrative Council. At the same time the Council suspended publication of the "Varsity" for 24 hours.

The entire staff of the paper, in accordance with a previous decision, will walk out in support of their chief.

It is not known who will succeed Ryan in office or what will be done about the other vacancies.

Ryan is a fourth year St. Michael's College man, and this action of the Council has brought to an end a stormy career during which there has been considerable friction between those in authority and the Editor-in-Chief.

Cause of Trouble

This action was the result of editorials appearing in the "Varsity" on "petting" and the vamping of professors by co-eds, for the purpose of obtaining higher marks. For a week previous to his dismissal Ryan was the object of a buck-passing contest between the Board of Governors of the University and the S.A.C., but neither wished to take the responsibility for firing him. The story received much publicity from the daily newspapers, and was front page news for some time.

The joint executive and the Board of Governors met and called Ryan up before them. He promised to refrain from permitting any editorials on morals to appear in the "Varsity". Previous to this he had called a meeting of his staff, and secured from a vote of 49-0 that they would walk out with him if the Board of Governors carried out its threats.

The Last Straw

Everyone thought that hostilities had ceased, but on February 5 a new editorial of exceeding frankness appeared in the paper. The following is an extract concerning the joint executive:

"The President did not explain why, if the matter was one for the joint executive to settle on behalf of the students, the same Joint Executive would have had nothing to do with the matter if the plans of Mr. W. J. Dunlop had matured last Friday. He did not explain why a third party was sent by the latter to the Editor asking him to resign, before the joint executive of the S.A.C. met

to consider the message from the Governors. In other words, the thing was to be smoothed over before the student executive had even met. In other words, the body which claims to represent the students, and which is now put up as controller of the situation, was not considered of such high consequence by one of the faculty representatives who attempted to put the editor out of the way before the meeting of those who are supposed to supervise the tone of the paper on behalf of the students."

Discharged Editor's Statement

TORONTO, Feb. 6.—The following statement was issued tonight by L. J. Ryan to the Press:

"I wrote the Editorial which cannot be disproven by the Joint Executive. I proved that Secretary-Treasurer Burns issued a false statement to the Globe about the reduction of salaries. Salaries were not proportionate. Since the Joint Executive could not disprove the Editorial I was dismissed. I challenge any member of the Joint Executive to disprove the statement in general or in particular.

"That articles on certain topics have endangered the freedom of the paper which we have worked to maintain is bitterly regretted by the Editor. That there are those who are only too glad to put us out of the way is also apparent to the Editor. That the Executive of the Students' Council should be used when wanted and ignored when not wanted is a sad commentary on the consistency of those who attack the Editor on the ground, forsooth, that he is not serving the students.

"We have protested, but in vain. We have fought against the misrepresentation and lobbying which have constituted official policy. Official policy has steadily aimed at our dis-

missal. The lobbying done before Joint Executive meetings by Dunlop is only parallel to the lobbying done in the Board of Students' Publications by Burns, his protégé."

A Gordon Burns, B.A., is Secretary-Treasurer of the Joint Executive.

To the Daily, Ryan admitted that yesterday's Editorial (reproduced in part above) was the last straw, although the policy of the paper throughout the year was not considered to be suitable by officialdom. (This is the first story of Ryan's dismissal to be published in Edmonton.)

Big Demonstration Staged by Manitoba Varsity Students

(Special to The Gateway from The Manitoban)

WINNIPEG, Feb. 12. — A monster parade to inaugurate a new buildings campaign here was staged by several hundred students, who paraded with appropriate banners from the University down through the business centre of the city and back to the University. The demonstration was in charge of W. M. Hughes and of R. M. MacDonnell, Editor of The Manitoban. The climax of this demonstration came when a petition, signed by fourteen hundred students, requesting new University buildings, was presented by John Crawford, President of the Students' Union, to Premier Bracken on the Parliament Building steps. The petition was very favourably received.

thing more than that. Our first world embraces the realm of unions, debates, informal discussion-clubs, student magazines, of student camps, musical societies, dramatic societies and all the other marks of specific communal life among students as such.

And between the two worlds there is inevitably a clash. This, maybe, is just one—and not the least important aspect—of the general clash between Culture and Materialism, Intelligence and Mechanism, Ideals and Reality—or whatever other clichés you may choose to invent. For, at any rate, the two worlds are essentially different. It is perhaps their peculiar merit—made possible only by excessive wealth—that Oxford and Cambridge are the great centres of real, spontaneous and vital student activity. There, the bulk of the students feel not the stern economic pressure which makes our Careerist world a necessary evil to the students of other universities.

Contrast this with such a university as we have, or imagine we have—in London. There is the university, par excellence, of Careerism, of specialization, of "research" of "brown-bagging"—and, there, too, is the university where it is most obviously hopeless, under existing circumstances, to persuade the students as a whole to act and think like a university and to share in that common life and those common traditions which a university career should carry with it as a matter of course.

We may, indeed, take three things as almost axiomatic. Firstly, that the general level of culture varies directly with the strength of spirit in our universities. Secondly, that it is well nigh impossible to establish or maintain such a university spirit in a Careerist university, and to sustain there a community of students as distinct from an artificial aggregate of career-hunters. Thirdly, that at present the Careerists have won, all along the line, and are still winning.

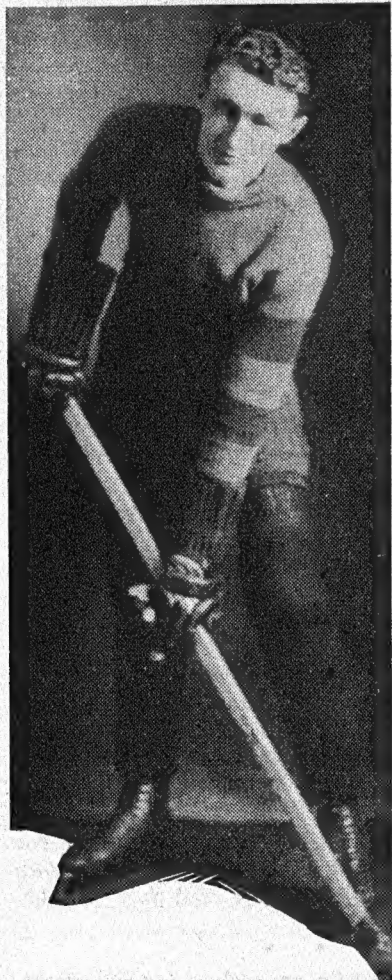
Now it would be utterly foolish to maintain that the Careerist aspect of university life should be cut out. Quite obviously it cannot be. We cannot spend all our life at a university. We do not even wish to do so. And when we leave, we must earn a living.

Nor, even from a Cultural point of view, is a specialized career necessarily a bad thing. In many cases it is a good thing. In still more cases, it is comparatively harmless. But it is bad when, for the student, it is merely a source of future enrolment and not a vital, living interest shaping his life and thought. It is bad too, when it acts, as it too frequently does, as an impediment to his intellectual and social activities of the organized student body. Because of this, we must look for some compromise between Career and Culture which will sacrifice the essential merits of neither. This we must do for our own good, not less than for the good of the world.

Into many ramifying and intensely complex aspects of this problem, I cannot enter—even were I competent to do so. I must confine myself to throwing out one odd suggestion which is neither very original nor particularly profound, but which, I believe, may shed some light and provide some discussion on the real root of this matter.

To a certain extent, the University makes provision for its students in their careers. It trains them; it even helps them to secure their "job." This system works tolerably well for the bulk of students. Yet we all must have met, at one time or another, men whom this system has utterly

RETIRING CAPTAIN



GILLIS LEVELL

Who played his last game of hockey in a Green and Gold uniform last night. Gillie, who has played a consistently good offensive game on the forward line all year, will graduate this spring.

PROF. SWANSON HERE NEXT WEEK

Exchange Professor from University of Sask. Will Speak in Convocation Hall

On Thursday, February 21, at 10:30 a.m., Prof. W. W. Swanson, head of the Economics Department in the University of Saskatchewan, will give a public lecture in Convocation Hall on "Some Impressions of Economic Conditions in Soviet Russia."

Prof. Swanson spent several months in Russia in the summer of 1927.

On Saturday evening, Prof. Swanson will speak at a faculty dinner given in his honor, on "Danish and Polish Economic and Social Problems."

failed to serve. And the reason is usually that the man in question, having specialized in a more or less hazardous way, has come to the consummation of mediocrity in his training, and finds himself disillusioned and bitterly detesting the career which the future holds for him. He, more often than not, throws himself with added zest into the vastly more pleasant world of student culture—if only for the companionship it offers. He will be a leading light in the Union, in debates and in all student affairs. But underlying this brilliance, there will ever be the tragedy of broken purpose and economic futility, inherent in his continued existence at a university. He will not speak of this, and only a friend here and there will realize his burden. He will be ignored by authority, even openly repudiated by those above him—a frail and fickle butterfly flitting from bough to bough of the gigantic tree of the modern university, spectacular and brilliant of many hues, yet unable to share in the general nutrient that the more stable elements of that institution will secure. He has searched for the stars, and the modest lamp-post that is offered him, he rejects with scorn, though indeed it lights its way to prosperity, as he well knows.

The modern world judges him justly and, therefore, harshly—a dilettante, an egotistical waster, a good-for-nothing lotus-eater. So, perhaps, he is; yet, perchance, there are careers which, if he had been able to find them at first, he would have embraced and fulfilled with zeal and contentment.

The university trains us for a career. But it offers no help to us when we most sorely need it, and when it could most usefully give it—when we enter the university. It is then that we perform—or have performed for us by others—the momentous task of choosing a career. We of today choose our wives, our Gods, our governments and our careers with, on the whole, far less real discrimination than we would normally devote to the choice of a birthday gift for a distant relative. And because the first three of these things depends ultimately on the last, we should be the more sensible of the importance of career-choosing. Yet, in the mad rush for careers today, it is the intelligent, the sensitive and the individualistic who go to the wall, and the Devil, as embodied in the official Receiver, fails not to take the hindmost.

I would suggest that no student, in his first two years, should even be

(Continued on page six)

Elks Manage to Defeat Varsity In Tough Game Last Night 6-4

Howie Cheated the Green and Gold Out of Sure Victory Time and Time Again—Score 6-1 at the Beginning of Third Period

With the score standing 6-1 against them at the beginning of the third period, with a first period that was all Varsity and no luck, the Green and Gold stepped out, scored three goals in the first four minutes of play, and would have scored at least four more had not Howie developed an uncanny ability to block everything. He had Lady Luck hovering around the Elk cage, and he must have had one rabbit's foot under at least every pad.

The Varsity sextette showed the greatest improvement on defence. A marked improvement over former games was noticed in the work of this department.

In one of the most exciting games of the season Varsity went down to defeat at the hands of the Elks by a score of 6-4, in the Varsity rink last night. It was a first-class game to watch from start to finish, and both teams made it evident that they were out to win. As victory meant a sure play-off berth for the Elks, they were not letting any opportunities slip by, while Varsity was just as determined to hold them on the loose end of the scoring in order to save their injured pride and retrieve their damaged reputation.

Varsity took the lead in the opener with a terrific burst of speed, and Big

Bill Broadfoot was soon through to follow up his rebound with a fast drive that Howie never saw. Play centred around Howie for the rest of the session, but he fooled Varsity by stopping everything in sight as is his custom. Just before the bell, Esdale took a chance flip from centre ice and fooled Kemp for some unknown reason, evening matters for the Elks.

In the second canto the Elks took the upper hand, leaving Varsity on the short end of a 6-1 score, and establishing an almost air-tight lead. It was then that Chief Broadfoot got mad, and decided something had to be done about it. Accordingly for the next ten minutes he engaged himself in ringing up two markers in succession, shedding four or more mangled sticks in the process. Gilly Levell added the other counter for Varsity. For the last few minutes of the game the score remained stationary at 6-4, though Varsity had a decided edge in the play right up to the final gong.

For the winners, Ferris and P. Maher were outstanding, while Howie played a stellar game in goal. Bill Broadfoot and Gilly Levell were in the limelight as usual. Tommy Knight also played a dangerous game and Prittie and Buchanan played a stiff defence game.

QUILT EXHIBIT GREAT SUCCESS

Many Quilts of Bright Hues Adorn Convocation Hall

Under the auspices of the Alberta branch of the Canadian Handicraft Guild a quilt exhibit was held in Convocation Hall last Monday. Numerous quaint and beautiful old designs, dating from the middle of the nineteenth century were on display, while the exhibit also boasted of several more modern ideas as well.

Although it was not possible to show the entire process all the way from shearing the sheep, through the various processes of carding, spinning, dyeing, weaving, etc., a group of women at work in the centre of the hall gave a good idea of the way in which the quilts were put together.

Many and varied are the stories which the old quilts might tell of the interesting methods used in their making. The greater part of them were completely home-made from start to finish, from the time the wool was clipped from the sheep to the time the quilt was finished.

Several Mexican exhibits of colorful hues were much in evidence beside the other types.

1878 (?)

Did the gathering darkness and the softly falling snow cause someone to mistake Pembina for a South Carolina mansion on Wednesday evening? A certain Pembinitte, looking out of her window just before the last bell for dinner, was amazed to see a handsome equipage bearing the sign, "My Valet," drawn by a pair of prancing steeds, come to a halt in front of the residence. Word soon passed round up went the windows and out popped the heads—"A runaway, did you say? Why, they don't seem in any hurry." "No! See those fellows scurrying away?" "For heaven's sake! Where did it come from?" "Who brought it here? What's the big idea, anyway?" "Look! Someone's getting into it." "Put out your light so we can see who it is." "Not a man, anyway, for there's a pair of legs in silk stockings, and another pair too."

Someone boldly seized the lines, backed the horses slightly, and drove triumphantly down the front walk, then away between the buildings. Who were the drivers? Well, if they had carried out their original intentions and turned the tables by leaving the affair in front of Athabasca, the men would have seen the two most dignified inhabitants of Pembina alight from it.

—I. L.

Senate Passes Extensive Changes in First Year Arts

Entrance Requirements Also Considerably Altered—Many Options Are Feature of First Year for Degree of B.A.

On Tuesday, February 12, 1929, a meeting of the University Senate was held. At this meeting were instituted changes in the University curriculum and entrance requirements which are likely to be of considerable importance, as well as of great interest. The programme for the first year B.A. and B.Sc. in Arts as passed by the University Senate at this meeting will be:

B.A.

English 1.
Mathematics 1.
One of: French 1-3; German 1-3; Greek 1; Latin 1-3.

Three of: History 1; Physics 1; the languages not already chosen.

B.Sc.

English 1.
Mathematics 1.
Physics 1.
Chemistry 1.
One of: French 1-3; German 1-3; Greek 1; Latin 1-3.

One of: History 1; the languages and sciences not already chosen.

Physical Education 1.

Note: If a laboratory science is not chosen in the first year it must be chosen in the second year.

Beginning with the academic year 1930-31 students will be admitted to the University with a maximum of one condition except in the Faculty of Agriculture.

Students are permitted to register for their second session only after the matriculation condition or deficiency has been removed.

In the Faculty of Medicine a condition of Matriculation will be permitted only in a language. The above are the changes instituted at the meeting of the Senate on Tuesday last, and although they are of interest principally to prospective students, they are of general interest as being the first extensive changes made in the Arts course for a number of years.

Revolution Nipped in Bud

(By Special Correspondent)

LASCENIA, Feb. 29. — This little-known but picturesque European capital was the scene recently of an attempted revolt, when Duke Borah, nephew of Frederic VI, the reigning sovereign, was arrested with a number of other conspirators in a plot to seize the throne. The Duke and his minions have since been banished from Lascenia.

The full story of the attempted revolution forms the plot of "The Crimson Star," the colorful light opera to be presented in Convocation Hall on March 15th by the University Orchestra and Glee Club, with assisting artists.

Howlers

Howlers seem to be in order for the December number; probably as a warning.

"The King wore a scarlet robe trimmed with vermin."

"They gave the Duke of Wellington a lovely funeral. It took six men to carry the beer."

"When the last attack at Waterloo proved a failure, Napoleon turned very pale, and rode at full gallop to St. Helena."

"He screamed in silent rage."

"The courage of the Turks is explained by the fact that a man with more than one wife is more willing to face death than if he had only one."

"Il ne faisait rien sans but—He did nothing without a drink"—Ex.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

DO YOU BELIEVE THAT A COURSE IN HOME-MAKING SHOULD BE GIVEN IN THIS UNIVERSITY?

A. T. McLean, Arts '30: Either that or a course in companionship marriage. We should have some system to our society.

Wilber Gallinger, Arts '31: Grand idea as far as the girls are concerned.

May Powell, Arts '31: Yes; if everyone studied this art, we should all be happier.

Jean L. Black, Arts '30: Of course not! Wouldn't such a course be confirming the existing idea that Varsity is a marriage market?

Winfield D. Race, Arts '32: Yes; if there are any professors sufficiently experienced to teach such a delicate subject. The future of the race, indeed, depends on successful home-making.

Phyllis O'Donnell, Arts '29: No; why wish our sphere on us so unnecessarily soon? And besides, what would be the early days of matrimony without the lumpy porridge and the tough under pie-crust?

Jack Dale, Sci. '31: Such a course, as a pastime, runs a guy ragged; why make it a business?

P. D. McArthur, Sci. '30: What would be the use? Subscribe to the Bulletin and read Dorothy Dix.

R. G. Martin, Med. '33: Home-making? Sure; carpentry is as good a subject as any other.

W. A. Shandro, Med. '33: Why not? Such a course might make it unnecessary to lock Pembina at midnight.

A. S. Murray, B.Sc., Arts '32: What could be better than an electrical course when we have so many modern appliances in the home?

Jean Reed and Grace Welch, Com. and Arts '31: No; a course in home-wrecking would be of more use.

Flory Van Osdall, Pharm. '32: Yes; what a whale of a difference just a few lectures make.



THE GATEWAY

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"CLOISTERED VIRTUE"

"Certain elements among the forces of reaction and prudery in this country are clamouring with louder and ever louder voices for the establishment of some sort of federal book censorship in the holy name of a morality dead and buried these fifty years," declares Felix Walter, in the February issue of The Canadian Mercury, in an article called "Danger Ahead." "This attempt to drag our sparsely scattered book stores down to the mental level of our moron movie palaces is a menace to honest men and honest writers."

Denying the validity of censorship, Dr. Walter states, "that it is a well-known fact that the same little boys and the same little girls who retire behind the barn to read 'La vie parisienne' or 'Maria Monk' grow up to be church wardens and even vice crusaders."

The author sees in the present world-wide wave of prudery merely a transitory reaction. He writes, "Victorians will all be dead soon, and if we could only keep them from foisting some of their nonsense on the Statute Book in the interim, we shall be round the corner and off down the road to a freer and better world that has got rid of all the dreary, nasty ghosts of repression and all the silly, outworn sex taboos."

Approaching the Canadian situation, the author visits his wrath upon Toronto, which he calls "Canada's Boston." He gives warning of what can happen under existing regulations which permit placing a book on Canada's banned list upon the recommendation of certain Toronto individuals. "The Toronto pruders who already dictate to Ottawa on the subject of what shall and what shall not be read, are not satisfied. They will not be satisfied until they drag this country back half a century and feed the puny infant, Canadian Literature, on three volume novels and nursery rhymes. That's why there is danger ahead . . ."

Three hundred years ago John Milton found it necessary to hold forth against censorship. Of what value is virtue, he asked, if it is cloistered? Will any merit accrue to those who do not sin because they do not meet temptation? Moral people will discriminate in their reading; immoral people will be immoral whether or not a censorship exists.

SOUVENIRS

Future historians will probably call these years the "Age of Souvenirs." Especially would it be an appropriate title for University life in Edmonton. We are all accustomed to the predatory enthusiasts whose greatest pleasure at our dances is found in tearing down the decorations piece-meal before the evening is over, with the object of saying to their descendants in some far-off year, "This I won at the Undergrad in 1929."

But now the disease has reached the ne plus ultra stage with a startling development. Pictorial signs announcing coming functions are being torn from the notice-boards long before the affair itself comes off. Somehow or other someone feels they must have a souvenir of the Midwinter Dance, and not waiting till after the dance to make a rush on the signboards, they have already seized the signs in question—and the dance is on March 1st. This looks like a case for the alienist, without doubt.

THE OPERA

With this issue of The Gateway there appears an article announcing that the Glee Club and Orchestra are combining to produce an opera, "A Crimson Star." The details of this effort may be found on an appropriate page; it is our purpose here only to discuss its significance.

We are told that this will be by no means the first musical entertainment to be presented by the organizations of our students. But certainly it is the most pretentious that has ever been attempted, with the possible exception of that of two years ago. The overwhelming success of that effort speaks well of the reception with which such a production may be greeted. There is little doubt that we have in this institution a sufficiently appreciative audience for the very highest musical compositions. After the disappointment which this body was forced to suffer last year, in having no such entertainment offered, we welcome the reappearance of operatic efforts among us and praise the initiative of whomsoever made it possible.

But there is one point in this attempt which we are prone to view with less pleasure. Undoubtedly a better performance will be the result of procuring members for the cast from outside our own walls; but we feel that that benefit could be foregone if we were assured that the talent being displayed was our own. We would hold it no anomaly even to have graduates performing for us and still to call this a University production. But to bring in extramural genius which has no real connection with our University is to take the praise and blame for this production somewhat outside of our own walls.

We would not give the impression that our student body should not be thankful to those who are assisting it in its enterprise. The opposite is the case: talent and kindness should not anywhere go unrewarded, even if only by gratitude. But we hold the principle that none of our organizations should attempt anything larger than they have within themselves sufficient talent to make a success. On this principle we would urge that our musical units offer only such minor productions as they at present have talent for,



You have probably read "Lenore's" letter to the Editor, complaining that the boys in the Tuck were quite oblivious of her presence there—actually enjoying themselves without the ladies.

Now, if "Lenore" had only taken up the request of Romeo for a Casserolejulet, she might not have been moved to write such a letter. However, perhaps she knows me—and doesn't feel the least romantic about it.

There actually have been girls like that, but, generally, they have not ignored me, as does "Lenore."

Well, it's my business to "pull your leg," and so far there hasn't been the slightest semblance of a tug.

I know that halitosis jokes are in bad odor, and aren't told in the better humor columns, but this one is too good to pass up.

An airman was forced down into a field because of engine trouble (no dearie; not indigestion) and went to a nearby house to obtain a monkey wrench. His knock at the door was answered by a neatly-dressed colored lady.

Airman: "Pardon me, but could you lend me a wrench?"

Colored Lady: Cuhtently." (Leaves door for a moment and returns with bottle of listerine.)

Airman: "I'm sorry. I said 'wrench'."

Lady: "Well, dat's whut Ah wrench ma mouf wif."

And, as Anita Loos' characters put it, don't you love that?

Yes, I know that H. C. Witwer is responsible for that saying, but if I didn't show my acquaintance with modern writers, you'd think that I read only "Smoke-house Poetry."

"And you have been in an asylum for two years, Mrs. Schmidt, and released as cured. Really, one wouldn't think it to look at you."

Dry official (at Canada-U.S. border): "Any liquor in that car?"

Driver: "No, and you can't sell me any, either."

Orator: ". . . and now I pause to ask myself a question."

Voice from the crowd: "And a darned silly answer you'll get, too."

Priestley (sleepily): "How much are your rooms?"

Hotel Clerk: "Six dollars up to twelve."

Priestley: "How much for all night?"

A Pembinita has sent a jingle to Casserole, the theme of which is the pale tea served in the Temple of Pulchritude. Probably, as in our own case, the tea can't stand examinations.

"Quick! Give me my husband!" said the wife of the murderer, phoning the penitentiary.

"Sorry, madam," said the polite warden, "your party has just hung up."

Our Editor has lately laid much stress on the freedom of thought which is characteristic of the U. of A. And rightly, too.

"Let us feel that we are alive; not on our knees, cringing and creeping, but standing on a chair, looking into a transom."

That's how that famous Chicago weekly finds its scandal, by the way.

Do you read Cass? It's on our affront page.

Man (stopping young lady on street): "Do you speak to strangers on the street?"

Young Lady: "Certainly not."

Man: "Then shut up."

A certain co-ed, one of our leading obsessional women, has designed a delightful soup:

To half a brick of ice cream add a glassful of gin and two ounces of ginger ale. Break two cold storage eggs, mix and shake well. Serve lying down.

Enthusiastic English Lad (not necessarily George Story): "I say, deah thing, you are positively ripping."

Flame of the Moment: "Ripping? Omigosh, WHERE?"

"I heard today that your son is an undertaker. I thought you told me he was a physician."

"Not at all; you misunderstood me. I said he followed the medical profession."

In order to detect which side of the bread is buttered, simply drop it and see which side hits the carpet. It has never failed in a million rugs.

ROMEO.

leaving the larger and more pretentious till such time as, with the growth of the institution, they may themselves be able to supply all the necessary genius.

But the enterprise of which we write is already well under way. Wherefore we wish its leaders all success in this effort.

THE "PETTING" EDITORIAL

(Herewith we reproduce the near-famous editorial from the Toronto Varsity.)

"Varsity" Editor Upholds Petting

Last week a prominent middle-aged clergyman told his hearers in gentle tones and with irrefutable logic that petting was dangerous and that it should not be practised. The divine claimed that petting was a new institution, that it exacted gestures intended only for the larger intimacies, and that it debased the coinage of the soul.

It is not for undergraduates to contradict a man whose experience of the world has been so much greater than their own, but in the light of our close connection with the younger generation who are thus



Edmonton, Feb. 10, 1929.
Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—May I be allowed to rally to your support, and say that, in my opinion, the editorials in recent issues of The Gateway condemned by Mr. Cormack and Mr. MacLean as the products of an "obviously infantile" intellect, are the best editorials I have ever seen in your paper—the best in thought, in tone and in style.

Your critics are typical of defenders of the old-time intolerable regime of the world over: you present sane arguments to them and they answer, not with counter-arguments, but with epithets by which they seek to justify their cause. They hurl reiterations because they cannot answer your arguments.

You are right, sir. It will be a glorious day in the history of the world when mankind realizes that we need today a higher religion than Christianity. (When I say "Christianity" I do not mean the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. Therein again, sir, we agree.)

Mr. Editor, I hope you keep up the good work.

Yours sincerely,
J. F. STEELE.

University of Alberta.

Editor, The Gateway.
Sir,—It is with growing annoyance that I have read week after week the column entitled "Highshots and Backfires," by Fagnip. It amazes me that an otherwise high-class paper should continue to print such a puerile and vacuous type of humor. I have long wondered what is the purpose of these "Notes" from an Engineer's Diary. They seem to be merely a number of inane personalities about people in whom nobody is particularly interested.

If these "Notes" as a representative example of an Engineer's Diary I don't think much of Engineers, but if, as I suspect is the case, they are notes from the diary of some rather juvenile, would-be engineers, then my good opinion of Engineers in general is restored, and I come to the decision that I have found another reason why children under eighteen years of age should not be allowed to come to the University.

I close with the earnest wish that such futile nonsense be removed from the column, or failing that, let the column be deleted from the paper.

Yours truly,
C. X.



The following letter was recently received in the Principal's office, addressed to Sir Arthur Currie, and in his absence it has been thought that its best purpose would be served if it were printed in the Daily. The letter runs as follows:

41 Francis St.,
Kogarah, N.S.W.,
Australia.

Dear Sir:

I am about to ask a favor of you. I should very much like to write to a Canadian boy about twenty years of age.

I am eighteen years of age, and this year I shall probably go to the University of Sydney.

I should like to write to a university boy because university life would interest us both.

Hoping this is not causing you any inconvenience,—I am,
Yours sincerely,
Elaine Huntely.

It is hoped that there will be an immediate response to this invitation from the little Australian girl, as the Principal's office would prefer not to have to write back saying that no one at McGill is interested.—McGill Daily.

Man has a one-track mind, according to the co-ed of the University of Toronto. This was the motion passed by a vote of 35 to 34 at the debate held at Trinity College last night. Judging by the vote there was some doubt about it in the minds of the co-eds. Besides the women who voted, 30 men were present by special invitation to hear their mental shortcomings exposed.

The leaders in the debate were women from the four Arts colleges. Three of the men made an attempt to defend their sex.—McGill Daily.

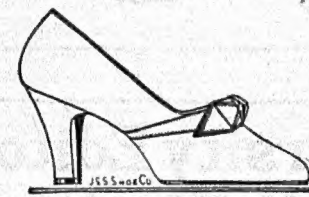
Designed to give an accurate conception of the photoplay as an Art form, and as a social institution, a new college course in "Photoplay Appreciation" is announced by Pre-

accused of debasing their souls, we should like to attempt an explanation of our generation and of its actions.

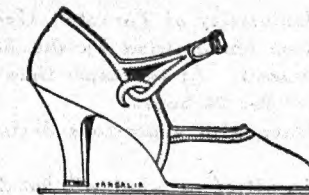
In the first place, we admit that although petting is a new institution, it is a widely accepted one. We venture to say that, of those who have had opportunities for experimentation in the field, almost no one can deny some knowledge of the art. We shall go further and say that most of the so-called conscientious objectors are such because they have had no occasion to be otherwise, and that the other objectors do not pet simply because it does not appeal to them as a diversion—not because they have any moral scruples. In fact, petting as an institution has come to be recognized by all who are not wilfully blind to existing conditions.

We confess that we cannot see in this situation any great cause for alarm, nor can we see that the generation so much in the spotlight is in danger of losing its moral sense entirely. The pathetic cry of the traditionalist is bound to remain unheard, for

NEW STYLES for SPRING



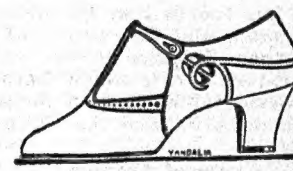
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sident R. B. Kleinsmid, of the University of Southern California, to open with the spring semester on February 6.

Lectures dealing with the history and evolution of the photodrama, critical analysis of modern screen stories, and the social significance of the photoplay are to be given by qualified members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Science, of which Douglas Fairbanks is president, and Milton Sills is chairman of the committee on college affairs, and by S.C. faculty members.

The Athletic Board of Control has received numerous complaints about rowdy and disorderly conduct of students at hockey games. Queen's students should remember that it is their rink, and to that extent they are hosts to the townspeople who attend. At any rate, a little courteous consideration of others is no more than is expected from college men. The rink management have exhausted their patience in the matter, and drastic action is threatened if further outbursts of disorderliness occur.—Queen's University Journal.

youth will go on trying, and, if it finds them pleasant, clinging to all aspects of its new freedom. Just as standards of all kinds have changed, the standards of morality have also changed, and whatever may be the attitude of parents on the subject of petting, for those who indulge in it, the question of morality does not enter in at all. To them it is simply an exchange of amenities, in some cases quite casual, which make no difference (except perhaps of deftness in their dealing with the opposite sex) when the "grand passion" is experienced. Parents who realize this, and who wish to retain the confidence of their children, have long since given up decrying modern conditions, but have submitted gracefully to them.

Whether the reverend gentleman was right in his contention that such conduct "debases the coinage of the soul" we shall not say, but we hesitate to believe that the soul traffics in kisses, or that a few of such, casually exchanged, are going to have any permanent or devastating effect upon character.—Toronto Varsity.

THE SHIP OF ORTHODOXY

(In which a Gateway feature writer attacks infamy by an appeal to reason)

The end of man is to reach God by perfecting himself.

Man can perfect himself only by his own effort, by taking his own destiny, the evolution of his soul, in his own hands and by working at it relentlessly.

On the contrary, the orthodox religions make man believe that he is unable to work out his own salvation for himself, but that they can do it for him, so that his only chance to get through is to entrust himself with them.

The orthodox religions are like boat companies that would say to the public: All that you have to do is to embark in our boats and we will take you safely to the port; just pay the fare and all will be well.

There are several of those boat companies, and each claims that their boats are the swiftest, the most comfortable. All of them insist especially on saying that their boats are absolutely safe and cannot miss the port and fail to take you there. "You may commit sins, or even crimes," say the ministers, "this cannot be helped, it is human. But as long as you are with us, as long as you have once said that you believe in Jesus Christ, you cannot miss Heaven. We have warned God that you are one of us, He is waiting for you, a place has been made ready for you there, so you are saved from the moment you have embarked with us, whatever you may do afterwards."

This theory destroys all personal responsibility and prevents man from making an effort towards moral perfection since he is told that he does not need to do so. All that he is required to do is to keep going on this physical plane a certain religious body; that body will do the spiritual work for him as long as he presently provides it with material means.

There is another "Earth to Heaven transport company" that has a modified plan. The officers of that company insist on the good behavior of the passengers during the trip. They tell them that if they commit any deed causing scandal, they will be thrown overboard and perish in the deep seas (eternal Hell), or they will, on reaching the harbour, be locked up for a certain term, in a penitentiary (Purgatory) before they are allowed to enjoy the beauty of the Eden Land.

But one soon perceives that this is only a scheme of the boat company

to increase their authority or raise extra funds. The severe law is followed by an amendment that says:

When you have committed an offense you may come and kneel at the feet of one of the officers and you will be pardoned.

Or you may pay a certain amount to an officer who will speak in your favor to the captain. According to the amount that you pay, he will speak more or less strongly in your favor and obtain a reduction of your term of imprisonment in ratio with the amount paid. (Rate of a low mass in Alberta, \$1.00; of a high mass, \$5.00.)

Or you may also speak yourself to the captain and place your money in a box to that effect (alms box for the souls in purgatory). In this case again the reduction on your imprisonment will be rated in advance (Indulgences of 50, 100, 300 days or full indulgence, according to the kind of prayer said.)

It is to be noted that the orthodox churches apply the following principle of international law: "The flag covers the cargo." In a war it prevents the belligerents from searching a boat/belonging to a neutral nation. Similarly every person belonging to a certain religious body is fully covered; his or her character is supposed to be as clean as the snow and as pure as a lily. Woe to him who would doubt about it.

And so it will be when the holy boat unloads its holy cargo into Heaven. God will accept the whole thing with His eyes closed, since everything is guaranteed O.K. by the orthodox churches of the earth.

So man, in the hands of the orthodox religions, becomes a merchandise that is dealt with for the greater profit of the dealers. He has ceased to be a living soul whose end and duty it is to grow beautiful, pure and divine.

Song For An Ending

Oh I have told a story,
Oh I have sung a song,
Oh I have strove to please you,
Tell me, did I do wrong?

You who have idly listened,
You who must needs have heard—
I who have tried must ask you,
"Tell if your hearts were stirred?"
—O. R. W.

The Manitoba University students are doing everything in their power to obtain new university buildings. On Monday, Feb. 11th, they staged a public demonstration.

"Sponsored by the U.M.S.U. Council and under its authority, a monster parade is being organized on the occasion of the opening of parliament to show the world at large and the members of the legislature in particular that there is considerable feeling among the students. The undergraduates will commence proceedings by touring some of the main streets, equipped with suitably captioned banners and will then wend their way to the Parliament Buildings. The climax will be reached when a monster petition, signed by members of all faculties, will be presented to the government."—The Manitoban.

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USANIAN—A Defence of an Editorial

By K.W.C.

It was our good fortune while the Australian debaters were with us to hear from their lips an experience which provided us with very suitable material for an editorial. We took the story at its face-value, regretted that our determination to avoid personalities forbade that we quote more than fragmentarily from the newspaper clipping which substantiated it, arranged the conclusions which reflection on it gave us, and had them printed, under the heading "Our Neighbours and Our King," in the editorial column of the issue of January 17.

So far as we are aware the interpretation we put upon the incident aroused small notice here, although the incident itself received considerable interest. But it appears that our article attracted no little comment, both favourable and unfavourable, across the border. The opinion of the editor of the Intercollegiate Press was published in The Gateway last week. We feel called upon to answer his praise and his charges.

We are pleased to see that our critic readily adopts the name Usanians as a cognomen for his countrymen, and are glad to inform him that in not having heard it he is not behind the times. Unfortunately he labours under the handicap of not being a constant reader of The Gateway; for although the word under discussion was used for the first time, so far as we know, in our editorial, it was suggested last year in The Gateway of March 8, together with the various arguments which its inventor had for and against it, by a writer who signed himself as Philolo Jim (having enquired, we can state that this individual has given permission to the News Editor of The Gateway of that time to divulge his identity). But we are sorry to see that our critic suggests that the word be changed before it be adopted. We would like to know on what considerations he asserts that it should be pronounced Usanians and spelt accordingly. We do not think that it was the intention of its inventor that it be so pronounced.

Perhaps we were not explicit in our statements in our editorial; perhaps our critic misunderstood us for some other reason. For it was certainly not our intention to accuse the Usanian public of poking fun at the British for their attitude towards their king. No; if the incident upon which we drew our conclusion had been occasioned to effect a laugh at the expense of the three visitors in the mid-western city there would have been little unusual or significant about it. The whole point of it was that the Usanians were quite sincere in the feelings they expressed. In other words, their pity for the "poor, enslaved, benighted subjects . . ." was not "supposed," but absolutely genuine. We admit, however—as we failed to in our editorial—that we had picked an extreme case: we say that the pity of the average Usanian, if as genuine, is not so intense, as in the occasion cited.

Nor can we anywhere find in our editorial a hint that Usanians disrespect kings as such. Indeed, we believe that if a representative of the reigning house of England were to travel in the United States he would be as enthusiastically received as in Canada. To endorse our common opinion we have the following quotation from the Vancouver Province:

"One of the most remarkable features of King George's illness, now happily yielding to heroic treatment, was the interest taken in it by the United States. If the President himself had been near death, the people of the republic could hardly have shown more concern about it. For weeks the King's condition was front-page news in all the newspapers, and good for a big headline in almost every edition. And it was always 'The King' that was featured, not 'the British King' or 'the King of England.' Seldom even was it 'King George.' It was 'the King' who was ill, and there was no need to be more specific about it."

Which statement, we believe, gives us sufficient reason at last to agree with one of our critic's opinions. Despite the pity that Usanians have for us, "we're still brothers under the skin."

HIGH SHOTS and BACKFIRES

(Notes from an Engineer's Diary)
(A Column for the Xerophilous)

We have to steal the thunder of the "Sow's Ear," after finding that word in the dictionary. Finding the meaning of "crapulent," we had to tell you that we are anything but that.

It's been a hectic week for us. First the Math Club, then the Engineering Society. The less said about the Math meeting the better. Fagnip attended the Engineers' gathering in the capacities of fellow engineers and press representatives. We had two cups of tea each, four pieces of excellent cake, and a biscuit. The feed certainly put the Math Club cats in the shade! And this despite the fact that there were no ladies to serve us.

A fearful shock has been given us lately in the form of an announcement by Einstein that he has some more grief for the engineers in the shape of a new theory.

Our secret service department, conducted for co-eds anxious about their supposedly love-sick swains, has, after enormous difficulty and intense

Individuality

VS.

The Repression of the Group

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." Did you ever realize that you are not yourself? You are as other people want you to be. You yourself, the individual, is never seen. What we see is only the protective shell. We go about masked, covered with an impenetrable covering that cannot be removed except in times of great stress.

I once read a book entitled "When the Iron Mask Falls." It depicted a scene aboard a large passenger steamer. All the passengers, peaceful, at ease, playing their part, until suddenly a notice was found, that at a certain time the ship would be blown up by a concealed bomb. As the time approached and the bomb could not be found, all cast aside their masks and revealed their real self—and ho! what a revelation. The bomb was only a fake, nothing happened and all crawled back into their shell, but the shell could not completely hide them, they had been exposed, and their real self was known to others.

We all think we are individual, it is an insult to each to say otherwise, but when analyzed we are found to be only an integral part of a huge machine, even in our thought and action, belonging not to ourselves but to humanity as a whole—we are, so to speak, public property.

Even here at our own college, which is a world in itself, we are but acting a part. Who in the group called the student body dares let himself be seen as he is? No! we are but players—acting, mimicing, dancing to the tunes of the fiddle, tradition and public opinion. We are but public property, each in turn playing a part, catering to the audience. When we first come we play our little part—it is found lacking—does not gain applause. We change our character—we must win favor—submerge ourselves in the slough of general opinion.

We come together from widely separated places, from homes each differing from the other. We come with our own ideas, our own traditions, our own view on life. We are

mentally effort, definitely proved that Curly Ainsworth and Jimmy McGregor have been the recipients of letters written in Latin, and showing the characteristic quirks of the feminine pen-handler. The "dark lady" signs herself "Swastika." Her true name will be revealed at an early date, says the head of the department, Sir Ivan MacLaren.

Jack Duggan (trying to drive car): "There's something wrong with my clutch."
Girl Friend: "I could have told you that long ago."

We see by the newspapers that the Government in putting a five-cent tax on gasoline. Mere Arts and Ag. students are becoming very worried over the situation, because they figure that they will be unable to afford to take their lady lives car riding on Sunday afternoons. This suggested raise in the price of gas doesn't phase the Engineers, however. Fagnip is actually going to save money, because we shall fill up the old stone crusher with four gallons of real gas and one gallon of the engineers' favourite beverage, namely, H₂O. Figure it out for yourselves. Anyway, ish ga bibble, we go to Sunday school on Sunday afternoons!

"Will you kiss me?"
"Isn't that just like a man, always trying to shift the responsibility."—Mugwump.

H. Beach: "I smiled at a girl last night, and as she passed she gave me a smile in return."
His Fair One: "What followed?"
Hugh: "I did!" — Everybody's Weekly.

thrown in with many others but instead of asserting ourselves, we stick out our feelers. What do the other older students think? What would they think of me if I voiced my opinion? No, I had better keep it to myself—it is dangerous to be conspicuous. A young man comes, filled with ideals, a reformer in other words. Enthusiastic, eager to tackle the crowd. They listen, look askance, murmur slightly to themselves, then proceed to surround him, and before he knows what has happened he has been overwhelmed and gradually subdued. Where are the ideals which he had? Either crushed and cast aside or buried deeply to be gazed upon at times but never again brought forth. No, he has been assimilated into the group. This is the general trend—subservience to the mob.

And why? The group cannot stand to see anyone with enough will power to stand out above them, and you cannot be yourself without looking down on others, unless they too break loose and be themselves. The individual is dangerous—he thinks himself better than the rest. He is religious—radical—or something else of like nature. He must be brought to the common level—must be permeated with the common viewpoint and welded into an integral part.

Who is the born leader? He is the man who has his own ideas and is strong enough and brave enough to stand up and expound them, to compel others to believe him or at least trust him, and then lead them on. He is an individualist.

Get out and show your face value. We are now as the beggar who at his death was found to have accumulated a fortune, but of what use? He did not use it. What value is it to us or our fellow beings that we have ideas, thoughts of value, if we do not dare bring them forth? They are then lost as the treasure, buried because of mistrust. Therefore, come out of your shell, dare to show yourself, and help improve your contemporary humanity.

GOOD-WILL DOLLS

(In which the writer describes the actions of the Women's National Council of Defence in the United States, which aims to prevent war by building cruisers and by sending "good-will" dolls!)

Peace and Peace Makers

How many times have you seen in a paper or heard in a speech some sentiment about the part of woman in this peace-keeping business? It is really taken quite seriously sometimes. This is what happened in the United States, according to a news report in quite a decent paper. It seems there exists an organization nation-wide in its scope—under a name which implies a Woman's National Council of Defence. This council had a convention and talked about peace, apparently believing that no means should be left untried in the entirely worthy cause.

The high-lights of their officially registered opinions included hearty commendation for and entire agreement with the Cruiser Bill which has recently been much in evidence. By all means, let there be war material in the interests of peace, for they quite agreed that nothing was a greater influence in keeping the

peace than a state of mind—the war materials would really not affect the situation in any important way. Feelings and sentiments were the contributing thing, and all efforts must be made to keep everybody happy. No connection between cruisers and feelings made itself apparent to the convention. Instead it was strongly recommended that something really effective must be done to suppress communistic teachings, under which we presume the good ladies classified many of the thinkers who sought the cause of war in less ideal things. Tucked into the report was the admonition of a congressman "that good-will dolls be sent to Japan in an effort to overcome any unpleasantness caused in the Japanese mind by reason of the operation of the immigration policy in their direction."

The women are not alone in their efforts to secure peace among the nations by gentle, intelligent and efficient means. But meanwhile, let there be more cruisers—and let the new president make his good-will journey in Latin America in a battleship. It is understood that the cruisers don't matter, the battleships don't matter, the "unofficial" demonstrations don't matter. Don't think about them because states of mind do matter—and "suppression of communism" might come to apply to a startled and harmless person whose political and social and philosophical activities were quite as innocent of the tinge of red—as some things seem to him innocent of a tinge of gray matter.

Slack Times

A slump in enrollments at last! The per cent. of gain in number of students attending college is lower this year than it has been for a long time. The Boston Transcript, finds in its annual survey of college enrollments.

It may be that we have reached the apex of this long upward climb in enrollments, beginning in 1890 with a total of 120,000 students in all colleges and reaching 850,000 in 1929.

The reasons for this slump are several. Dean Raymond Walters in School and Society gives these possible reasons: agricultural and industrial conditions; the development of junior colleges and deliberate limitation of enrollments.

It will be necessary to await the figures for the next half dozen years to determine whether we have reached a permanent level.—The New Student.

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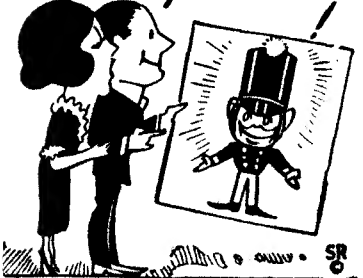
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SPORTS



Alberta Girls Smother Manitoba Hoopers 68-10

Brown and Gold Were Sadly Outclassed—Gladys Fry With 30 Points Led Scorers—Manitoba Defence Put Up Good Game

The Race Cup, symbolic of feminine intercollegiate basketball supremacy, will still remain to adorn Alberta's trophy case. The cup has never left Alberta, and present indications are that it will be a long, long time before it ever will be wrested from the Green and Gold. Our statement is borne out as a result of last Saturday night's game, when the girls from the University of Alberta smothered the Brown and Gold lassies from Manitoba by a 68-10 score. As this count would indicate the game was rather lopsided, but all the same the Manitoba girls never gave up fighting, and they were there until the final whistle. Manitoba was outclassed, and it was early apparent when the Alberta team started steam-rolling down the floor that the Brown and Gold were to be more or less out of the picture.

Whole Team Worked Smoothly
Despite the size of the score, the game was fast, and Varsity's forward line, led by the renowned Gladys Fry, worked their heads off scoring baskets. Major scoring honours fell to "Glad" with no less than thirty points to her credit, and to Vera Palmer, who ran up a total of sixteen points. The rest of the Green and Gold team worked smoothly and efficiently, and all contributed to the decisive win. The guard put up a stonewall defence, and made life miserable for the Manitoba forwards. Coach O'Brien deserves a great deal of credit for the girls' showing.

Manitoba Defence Stubbored
If the forwards on the Manitoba team failed to penetrate the Varsity defence, the Varsity forwards found plenty of opposition in the Brown and Gold guards, but these latter, Isabel MacLaren and Eleanor Bridgeman, were not enough in themselves to stem the onslaught.

32-6 at Half-time
Varsity did not get going in the first quarter, and the score for this period was 12-4 for Alberta. Manitoba netted two free throws and field basket for their points in this period. Alberta flashed her dazzling combination in the second quarter, which

completely bewildered the girls from Winnipeg, and while the Green and Gold registered twenty points, the best Manitoba could do was count one field basket, making the half-time score 32-6 for Alberta.

The Same Story
The third quarter saw the same results, with Alberta outscoring Manitoba ten to one, and Varsity collected eighteen points to Manitoba's solitary two again. The score at three-quarter time stood Alberta 50, Manitoba 8.

The same story applies to the final period, when Alberta again scored eighteen points to Manitoba's two, and the game ended with the Green and Gold on the long end of a 68-10 score.

VARSITY KEEPS UP CHRONIC LOSSES

Tuesday Night's Game No Surprise—Maple Leafs Hand Varsity 6-3 Setback

The Varsity puck-chasers again took the count on Tuesday evening at the hands of the Maple Leafs by the score of 6-3. It was a ragged game throughout, due in part to the soft ice, and to the fact that the Varsity had nothing to win by the game. The first period was very slow, the Elks getting the first counter about the middle of the frame. From then on they never looked back, although the Varsity boys came very close to evening the thing up on several occasions.

Defence Weak
Varsity's forward line put up a fine game of hockey, but the defence was woefully weak. Time and again the Leafs swept down and went clean through the defence, giving Kemp no chance to save.

The outstanding players on the Varsity lineup were Levell and Broadfoot. Gilly played as fine a game as he has done this winter, and that's saying a lot. A lot of credit is due Coach Broadfoot. Besides boosting the boys along, Bill usually finds time to garner a point or two for his team.

For the Leafs, Collingwood, Kinney and Groves turned in the best game.

Leafs Are In
Tuesday's game puts the Leafs definitely in the playoff, since there is only one more game left on the schedule, that between the Elks and the Varsity on Thursday. A win for the Elks on Thursday will put them in the playoff, whereas a loss will mean that they will have to play the Superiors to determine who will provide the opposition for the Leafs.

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MAY WE SAY

Alberta's chance to take its third trophy from Manitoba will arise in the Varsity gym tomorrow night at 8:15, when the Green and Gold basketball team meets the Manitoba five. Manitoba played at Saskatchewan Thursday night, and will arrive here tomorrow morning. The game ought to provide plenty of fireworks with the old Alberta-Manitoba rivalry again to the fore. If Varsity can turn back the Brown and Gold and then succeed in repeating the trick against Saskatchewan here on March 2, then University of Manitoba will have to console themselves in some manner, because another one of the dear old goblets will be riding the rails to Edmonton.

This may be the case, but the senior basketball players will have to show a little more ability against Manitoba than they have shown against the "Y" in the last two games. The boys from Winnipeg have been playing in a three-team league that has as one of its members the Toilers, none other than the Dominion basketball champions. Although the Brown and Gold have not succeeded in handing the Toilers any setbacks, they have held them to pretty close scores. Also they have managed to win several tight games from the third member of the league, the Bearcats. All in all, the Manitoba representatives have not lacked opposition by any means, and Varsity will certainly have to step to keep up with them.

The Manitoba line-up that will play here is as follows: Captain, Nitchuk; players, P. Dobush, C. Furnival, J. Downey, G. Walkey, R. Curtis, S. Carrick and M. Johnson; manager, M. Schewn; faculty representative, Schoolcraft.

The revised schedule for the inter-varsity competition for the Rigby Trophy is as follows:

- 1928—Alberta at Saskatchewan.
- Alberta at Manitoba.
- Saskatchewan at Manitoba.
- 1929—Manitoba at Saskatchewan.
- Manitoba at Alberta.
- Saskatchewan at Alberta.
- 1930—Manitoba at Saskatchewan.
- Alberta at Saskatchewan.

By this arrangement a tournament will be held at Saskatoon next year.

In case of a tie, total points to count.

How About It?

Once again it is up to use to pay homage to Percy Williams and his brother and sister Canadians of Amsterdam fame. And now, if anything, that fame is greater. Our athletes, competing for the first time under indoor conditions, and on tracks familiar to their already strong competitors, have once more shaken the athletic firmament. But for such unfortunate accidents as in the girls' relay race, the Canadians' position would have been more firmly fixed than ever.

Now that it is established, we have to keep up the reputation gained by years of effort. And if you think that's easy, try it! Track and field sports aren't of the variety which require a month or two of conditioning along certain popular lines. The track athlete is a success only after several years of the stiffest training—training specified to suit his particular physique and temperament. The quality of competition is a big factor during this period.

Probably the amount of work necessary for success is the reason that so few in Alberta take up track and field sports seriously. Certainly, with the exception of a meagre two or three dozen, there aren't men at present fit for provincial or even civic competition, let alone Dominion championship meets. The Dominion meet of 1929 is to be held at Banff. If you have ability in any particular branch of field or track work, why not try to make at least the provincial championships? —G.N.I.

SPORTING SLANTS

Let Edmonton's famous "Grads" look to their laurels! The scores that the "Grads" have piled up against several European teams have not been any larger than that amassed against the Manitoba girls by the Varsity girls' basketball team last Saturday night.

There's only one difficulty in the way of a Grads vs. Varsity basketball encounter: For whom would Gladys Fry play?

On Saturday night, February 16, Alberta has a chance to take its third trophy from the halls of the University of Manitoba. On this date the Green and Gold senior basketball team meet the Manitoba seniors in the gym. A win for Alberta will help to give us possession of the Rigby basketball cup.

It's too bad that there isn't inter-varsity hockey competition! The University of Manitoba's sextette have been playing in a league composed of teams from Port Arthur, Fort William and Brandon, and they have yet to lose a game this season. It's too bad for Manitoba that there isn't an inter-varsity hockey game also....

With one win, and an outside possibility of two, the Varsity Senior hockey team has proved itself out of its class in the Senior Hockey league. Admittedly on many occasions the breaks have been against the Green and Gold team, but taken all in all, the team has been too weak to register wins. Tuesday night's game showed the team's weaknesses pretty plainly: they were outskated; there was no backchecking to speak of; and the defence cracked on several occasions. Although the forward line has, and always has had, plenty of spirit and goal-scoring ability, this has all gone for naught because of the team's weakness in other departments.

And now the girls' hockey team leaves for games at Saskatoon and

HOCKEY MANAGER



DOT SPROULE

Manager of the girls' hockey team, who has guaranteed to look after the girls on their present eastern invasion.

ELKS WIN IN SLOW GAME OVER VARSITY

Tuesday's Contest Ended 7-2—Five Goals For Elks in Third

The chronic weakness of the Varsity sextet in the third period was what spelled another defeat for the Green and Gold hockey squad last Thursday night at the hands of the Elks. Not that Varsity was never in it—on the contrary, the balance of play in the first stanza at least was definitely in their favor. Only the stellar netminding of Dick Howie prevented the boys from drawing first blood. And again, though outpointed two to one in the second, they were trying hard, and had a good share of the play. But when the third period rolled around, that inexplicable something happened—the whole team seemed simultaneously to weaken, and the Elks ran in five goals to Varsity's one, to make it 7-2.

The First Was Slow

In the first period both teams were cautious, neither wishing to throw itself with too much gusto into the offensive. Varsity made some brilliant tries, however, and it was no fault of theirs that no counters were made.

(Continued on page six)

Winnipeg. Although the girls have not been any too successful in their series of games against the Monarchs, we hope for the best against the other universities.

ARTS-PHARM LEAD INTERFAC. PARADE

League Standing Pretty Well Tied-Up—Med-Dents Won Last Wednesday

As the schedule of interfac. hockey nears completion, the coming title-contenders begin to emerge from the shadows. At present, Arts-Pharm are sitting pretty, three points in advance of the nearest rival. However, the league is by no means tied up, since Arts-Pharm and Med-Dents have but two games to play, while the other two teams have three. For instance, if Arts-Pharm wins one game, a play-off position is clinched, whereas if C-L-Ag win all games, and so also the Meds—and so on far into the night.

Meds Defeat Arts-Pharm

On Wednesday afternoon, Arts-Pharm were handed a setback at the hands of the Med-Dents by the score of 1-0. The sole marker of the game occurred when Drummond went through the Arts-Pharm defence early in the first period to score a very pretty tally. The remaining two scoreless spasms were marked with considerable rough play, though no penalties were passed out. Several

brilliant saves by Cousineau, guarding the Med-Dent citadel, contributed much to the Med victory.

Other Games

On Friday, Arts-Pharm met Com-Law-Ag and came out on the heavy end of the 2-1 decision. Saturday produced two games: Arts-Pharm defeated Sci 6-2, and Com-Law-Ag squeezed out the Med-Dents 3-2.

The League standing at present is:

Team	W.	L.	D.	Pts.
Arts-Pharm	6	3	1	13
Com-Law-Ag	4	3	2	10
Med-Dents	4	5	1	9
Engineers	1	4	4	6

fought their way with an energy which Varsity too often failed to show, and deserved the points they made.

The Way of Things

The game began rather listlessly, both teams being content to rest on the defence. But from the first it was apparent that the Y would be decidedly in the game, and by half-time they had climbed on top of a 13-9 score.

The second period saw some better basketball at times—both teams were working. The play, however, was considerably rougher, and penalties were consequently more frequent. The whole of a difficult game was handled by Obee O'Brien and Bill Douglas.

SECOND DEFEAT FOR BASKETBALL SQUAD

Y.M.C.A. Were Victors Again Wednesday Night by Score of 36-20

At least one more game will be necessary before the winners of the provincial basketball title can be determined. The Y.M.C.A. boys made that much clear when they trounced the Varsity team on Wednesday night for the second time in little more than a week by a score of 36-20. The Green and Gold certainly had tough luck. Shot after shot reached the rim of the basket, even rolled around it, but refused to drop through.

The Boys Were Not So Good

When all due allowance is made for breaks of the game, however, we are still forced to say that the "Y" were worth their win. Varsity's team of Wednesday night was certainly not the well-oiled and perfectly functioning machine which three times previously had without effort mowed down the enemy. The boys just simply could not get going, and if by any chance they did get away they lacked the co-ordination necessary to make their efforts successful.

The Y Were All There

On the other hand, the Y played a good—if sometimes rough—game. They checked closely, combined well,

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WORD-PICTURES

By Dagonet

How often in our reading are we arrested by a vivid passage that suddenly stands out from the page; a peculiar quirk of language, perhaps, an unusual word, a picturesque description. Sometimes the scene is minutely described for us; again we have to fill in the details ourselves. We come upon these pictures in many an odd nook, in prose, in poetry, oftentimes where least expected. In St. John's gospel, for example, it tells of the blind man whose sight was restored, and as we read on we picture to ourselves the scene, the heat of the day, the dusty roads, the white-clothed, bearded figures, in the narrow, smelly streets of that Palestine town; the mild sensation as the word is bruited about that the blind man has received his sight; the disbelieving Jews who gather round him and ask him questions; who ask his parents: Is this your son, who ye say was born blind? How, then, doth he now see? They themselves, somewhat mystified, answer: Ask him, he is of age. The man, appealed to again says that Christ has healed him. Then again they call the man who was blind. Give God the praise, we know that this man is a sinner. Can't you see the wondering look in the newly-opened eyes, the expressive gesture, as he slowly answers: "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not, one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

We pause as the insuperable logic of the thing sinks home to us.

An Example From Tolstoi
Turning to a far different theme, in Tolstoi's "Goodbye to Summer," we read:
"Falling leaf and fading tree,
Lines of white on a sullen sea;
Shadows rising on you and me . . .
The swallows are making them
ready to fly,
Wheeling out on a windy sky,
Goodbye, Summer, Goodbye,
good-bye . . ."

How expressive that word "sullen"—it calls up an immediate picture,

not perhaps clearly defined, but a monotone of color; we see the grayish sea, blending with an angry sky, we feel the spitting winds stirring up the plangent waves. "The swallows"—a happy touch of life, but a restless life, ready to leave the scene; and to cap it all, what an effective word that "wheeling"—how it fits into our picture; just a suggestion of counter motion to the sullen seas.

The Ancient Mariner

Our picture may be built up gradually, each phrase adding a new detail, as an artist paints a picture; or it may be suddenly impinged upon our senses. It may be a rude picture, almost nauseating in its aspect. Take for example the description in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner":

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.
"Dry after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Every new word serves only to impress upon us the unutterable stillness and lifelessness of the scene—what could be more utterly motionless than the idea given in the last two lines?

Ruskin and Tennyson

Much of Ruskin's prose is noted for its word painting. Take for example the description of the Rhone from Proserpina:

"There were little streams that skipped like lambs and leaped like chamois; there were pools that shook the sunshine all through them, and were rippled in a layer of the overlaid ripples, like crystal sand; there were currents that twisted the light into golden braids, and inlaid the threads with turquoise enamel."

Perhaps this is more fantastic than real, just a chiaroscuro, a steel-point etching rather than a polychrome painting. On the other hand, the scenes may be of full-toned beauty and richness. Tennyson is an adept at this form of description:

" . . . a dark strait of barren land;
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon
was full."

(Morte d'Arthur)
"Larger constellations burning, mel-
low moons and happy skies;
Breaths of tropic shade and palms in
cluster, knots of Paradise.
Droops the heavy-blossomed bower,
hangs the heavy-fruitful tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-
purple spheres of sea."

(Locksley Hall)
"The swimming vapour slopes ath-
wart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from
pine to pine;
And loiters, slowly drawn."

(Oenone)
"The solemn palms were ranged
Above, unwood'd of summer wind;
A sudden splendor from behind

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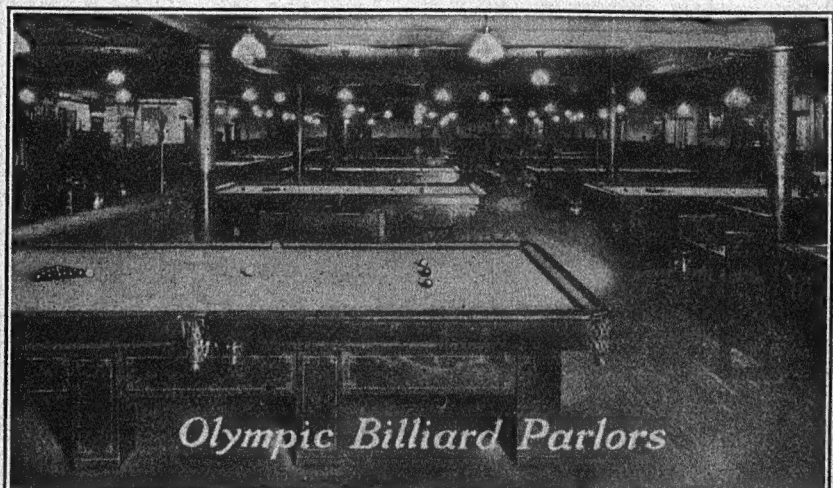
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TO THE RESCUE

By Lerov

In the second last issue of The Gateway, the Editor set himself a most noble and delightful task. In so doing, he went a little out of his province as the Editor, because therein he launched an attack at prevailing religions—Christianity in particular—and the University of whose official organ he is the editor is made up of a heterogeneity of sects of that particularized religion; in a word, he injected his own personality into the editorial column. In so doing he may be said to have sinned.

But thank God for that "sin"! A thousand times thank God, or what-ever urge it was which impelled our editor to set his foot on the first rung of a so stupendous ladder! He is indeed, to use his own words, "essaying his way to the stars." He has seen that men's thoughts are still—as far as religion is concerned, laboring in the slough of despond; that men today are entering priest-ridden temples and worshipping the same idols that have ancestors worshipped in a hundred early cults; that wherever men have felt the spiritual pang of true religion, it is where they have taken the essence of the teachings of such men as Buddha, Jesus, Mahomet, unified with them the simple profundities of science—and realized that True Life is within the grasp of every man struggling for the consummation of the perfect ideals of his being, but that for knowledge of the ultimates, man must forever be earth-bound by his finite mind, to pure agnosticism. Fools! How can man comprehend a Beginning when, as far as he can realize, there can never be an Ending? And yet the creeds which the Editor's correspondents defend go beyond the limits of describing the Beginnings and the Endings, but even describe the Means—and prescribe them for the gullible!

The Editor, then, has essayed to start his fellow-students thinking; he points out the need for a religion higher than "Christianity as known,"—a religion which will not be hampered by a thousand anthropomorphisms, but only by human finitude. A noble endeavor, but apparently an impossible one in an age where even the University students hale his attempt not by cheers, but by narrow, bigoted, ignorant criticism, which attacks not his arguments, but throws contempt on at his person in the way of "obvious infantilisms,"—because he dared to approach a grand subject in a still-suffering mental environment.

Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-
brown."

(Arabian Nights)
and so on ad infinitum. We could quote innumerable such passages from Tennyson, vivid, luscious, exotic scenes of Nature.

Kipling
Perhaps one more word picture will serve to illustrate my theme. It is from Kipling's "Christmas in India."

"Dim dawn behind the tamarisks—
the sky is saffron-yellow—
As the women in the village grind
the corn,
And the parrots seek the river-side,
each calling to his fellow
That the Day, the staring Eastern
Day, is born."

O the white dust in the highway!
O the stench in the byway!
O the clammy fog that hovers
over earth!
And at Home they're making
merry 'neath the white and
scarlet berry—
What part have India's exiles in
their mirth?"

What a feeling we get here of loneliness in a far-off land, of homesickness and longing; how much we are told in a few lines. Such is true artistry!

The First Step Towards Crapulence

By O. R. W.

It was all Fred's fault. He tried to tempt me. Worse than that, he did.

I was never a man for my liquor. Since this takes the form of a confession, I will admit that there was a time when my soul was stirred with seeing a large sheet on the wall of my Sunday school which blazoned forth the choice, "The Bottle or the Boy." It has always been before my eyes since. So much so that this time I was unable to observe that the boy and the bottle went hand in hand, so to speak. Neck to neck might be more truthful, though.

One good drink deserves another. Hic, hic. My craving for amusement went down, likewise the liquor. One thing I must say, that even if I am a home-loving soul, and only cut loose at long intervals, I never, even then get beyond Government control. Three hearty hic's for Clause D. And another.

Home Sweet Home

But I said that home was always my weak point. And I decided I would return. Kind hands helped me in at the door and aided me to my room. For some reason nature had put my room down on the ground floor for this night. Jolly good old girl, that nature. She ought to know that I am a little particular about the people I associate with. She shouldn't have led that red-haired fellow hang around when she knew how I—oh,

LUCK

or Fortune of War

By Mayhay

Jim Bentley was the luckiest fellow in the battalion. Even during the great "push" in the fall of 1918 Jim came through without a scratch. He seemed to delight in danger, and would constantly expose himself to the enemy snipers. Their fire took effect on everybody but Jim!

Bentley never went on leave, nor did he ever receive letters. I believe he had been offered furlough on several occasions, but had preferred to relieve his brother officers. He was very popular, too, but somehow never indulged in the little confidences so common between friends at times of nervous strain.

I was therefore greatly surprised when, just before a desperate sally to regain St. Julien, Jim informed me that he was going on leave if he survived the attack. "I don't think my luck will last much longer, old man," he said, "and I should like to see the old home once again." Encouraged by his confidence, I inquired where his home was—secretly wondering why he never received any letters if he did have kith or kin. Whilst Jim was telling me about the society scandal in which he had become entangled and of how he had been disowned by his parents, but still retained an affection for the home of his ancestors, zero hour arrived.

During the onslaught Jim was ever in the thick of the fray. Snipers' bullets, machine guns, and German bayonets were of no avail against his

How Many Dreams?

How many dreams for a penny?
Dreams are poor fare for many.

"Flour and salt," said the grocer,
"Herring and dills—"

In a purple fen the fireflies hover
around a silver lotus.
"Dreams pay no bills." . . .

"Clover and corn," said the farmer,
"Horses and kine—"

Ripples of silver sequins
on lazy waters
tease the drowsy pools'
unwinking amber eyes.
"Dreams feed no swine."

How many dreams for a penny?
Dreams are poor fare for many.

The Garden

Mine a garden of the heart
Never bleared by creed nor school.
Flowers and the shade of trees
And a sunlit pool.

Mine a garden gemmed at dawn,
With the myriad wealth of dew,
Mine a garden, flower-bright
For me—and you.

—O. R. W.

SHADOWS

Once upon a time someone said to us, "Don't you ever darken my door again!" in terrifying tones and vibrating their fist. So ever since, when we have wanted to appear particularly fierce we have thundered at our victim, "Don't you dare darken my door again!"

But have we never paused to consider out of how delicate a morsel of thought our vehement weapon-words have been constructed?

(After the manner of Sterne, the above bracket is provided to give you a short breathing-space in which to look again at the sentence in question. There is a quaint and striking thought back of it, isn't there?)

The idea of the darkened doorway is used prettily in Tolstoy's "What men live by." The circumstances are out of the writer's memory and the manuscript out of present reach, but was it not the shadow of the faded rich man which so meaningfully extended through the door of the shoemaker's shop?

The thought which suggests "being announced by one's shadow" probably dates back to a much earlier writer than Tolstoy—it is too good to have been missed. But whose the originator, he ought rightfully to be dug up and knighted. To see a graphic version of the darkened door one has only to visit our own Convocation Hall. Persons about to enter the galleries through the portals carved simply in the wall are heralded by pompous and grotesque shadows which expand and contract and writhe a-plenty before ever the persons themselves appear. Late-comers are most usually a nuisance,—but not so at Convocation Hall. There they are an asset, and a joy forever. It is more than worth the price of a ticket to one of the free lectures or organ recitals, to witness the fantastic play-on-the-wall of the shadows of unsuspecting comers.

There is something whimsical about the whole idea. J. T. P.

a great big Freshman lives in there and he's liable to throw you out."

Some New Creature

I didn't know what a Freshman is, was or will be. Furthermore I didn't care to know. So I just let them have their way. I guess they were out for a good time and I wouldn't spoil it for them. But I began to get scared. They weren't leading me around for any good end. Then a great big black wall sneaked up right in front of me. I ducked and glided into it. I started to chuckle at the way I fooled those apes. Then all of a sudden I looked up. There was one of them walking down a ten-mile stair towards me. I figured I ought to know him. Vaguely he reminded later. The two of him helped me me of a fellow that I knew when I went to Varsity six thousand years up.

Where you going, old top?" he said.
I told him all about the mean old referee at the game. Then I remembered the red-haired fellow that had taken my room and thrown the floor at me. And those infernal apes. "That's all right, old man, I'll see you get home," he promised.

He led me around, all over the plains of Midwestern Iowa, and just when I thought he was meaning to hoax me, he shoved me over on a haystack. I was too tired to argue, and found I was in bed when I woke up the next morning.

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In Memory of
A FRESHMAN
Who Got His Walking Ticket

He struggled hard, he struggled long
To pass his second Juniors;
He stayed up nights, refrained from
tights,
And hoped to rank among the
seniors.

But the cruel hand of Misfortune
Held him in her icy grasp,
Mumbling in his ear while writing,
"My enemy, you shall not pass!"

We remember well that Freshman,
His eyes were dim with toil;
How the light shone from his case-
ment
As he burned the midnight oil.

How his sorrowing face turned to-
wards us
When he heard the tragic news,
Your departure is requested!
Please don't hang around and
snooze!

A cry of despair escaped his lips,
Ah! 'twas a tragic sight!
With his eyes grown dim and blurred
He turned and fled into the night.

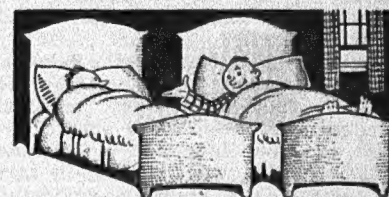
The stroke of doom fell swiftly,
And its hand was fast and strong;
Two days later in the graveyard
We sang that Freshman's "Funeral
Song."

There's a grey and forlorn tomb-
stone
That is open to the jests,
Of the poor degraded Freshman
Who failed in the hour tests.

We extend to him due honor,
Though he failed the race to win;
He will doubtless pass his entrance
tests

If the next world lets him in.
—J. G.

If college students of the present day are so utterly beyond hope, why, do you suppose, has the University of Kansas School of Fine Arts established a class in harp-playing?—The Sheaf.



Damon—
"What did Professor Smith mean this morning when he told you that no man could ever make a silk purse out of a sow's ear?"

Fytch—
"He meant that I'd never be able to do good work with a poor pencil. Guess I'll have to get a Dixon's Eldorado. Old Smity says it's the best drawing pencil made."

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CANADA AND WORLD POLITICS

(In view of the interesting address given recently by Dr. Riddell, Canada's permanent representative at Geneva, the following review of "Canada and World Politics" (Corbett and Smith) from the McGill News, should be of special interest.)

Canada's plunge into the free-for-all that is called "foreign affairs", and which dates mainly from her participation in the Great War, has launched the Dominion on the last stage of her development within the Empire which began far back in the 19th century. That development is towards the attainment of nationhood—the taking on in full of all the responsibilities and privileges that belong to an independent, fully grown "person" in the international sense. The whole volume under review is a valuable contribution to the swelling bulk of the imperial theme. It is highly condensed in style, and thoroughly worked out, with very little overlapping of chapters from its two authors. Historically arranged, it contains a brief survey of the origins, as it were, of responsible government in Canada, and a very useful story of the elaborate network of international treaties and conferences in which Canada has been involved during the last nine or ten years. The international business done in this short span of time has been truly "enormous, prodigious." The mere recital is impressive. Whatever effect the "argument" of the book may have on its readers, it is difficult to see how the sheer weight of its material, its facts, can fail to make an impression and even startle Canadians into some interest in the new and tremendous obligations that their country has only recently undertaken.

Looking Forward

For the ordinary reader not technically equipped to keep comfortable step with the legal mind, we might suggest that a beginning be made with the last chapter, "Looking Forward." This procedure, an outrage in reading a work of fiction, would here make clear the way before him as he enters the discussion of "The Legal and Conventional Basis" and "Consultation and Contribution," without in any way weakening the force of the analysis in these and other chapters.

We suggest it because the book is not an easy one to read. After the simple undigested of political speeches, and even more simple beliefs we have inherited about the British Empire, we find that in fact the matter is a highly complicated one. It has historical bones and organs of immense antiquity; these are overlaid with legal fictions, conventions, and rules; and these again are barnacled with local prejudices, and quaint ignorances; all of which together make up an imperial structure that cannot be dismissed or fixed without grievous pains and penalties. It would, therefore, be unreasonable to ask simultaneously for easy reading and solid writing in a book of this sort. It is singularly free from bias, it betrays no passions, and it gives one something to think about. We use an expression sincerely when we say that it should be read carefully by everyone who is really con-

cerned about the future or interested in the growth of the British Empire.

Canada's Alternatives

Professors Corbett and Smith enumerate four possible destinies for Canada: separation; personal union under the Crown; imperial federation; and remaining as she is—that is, an autonomous state within the Empire, a part of the constitutional unit called by some the British Empire. Three of these might be called imperialistic. They all aim at maintaining some kind of union with Great Britain. The first, separation, is condemned as "a disastrous error of judgment, the ultimate result of which would be to place Canada under the economic, military and political control of the United States." (p. 186.) "For separation in the formal and legal sense," says Professor Smith on another page, "there is no demand today in any responsible quarter in Canada." (p. 166.)

And yet, although this may be true, as we believe it is, it is surely clear that the only disturbing factor in the imperial outlook of Canada is the possibility of separation from the Empire. Not a few people believe it to be inevitable; some see it already in process, and so unconscious of the general significance of the events in which he is taking part that it is quite on the cards that future historians will say that by 1928 it was already come to pass.

The "solution" of the Empire problem, therefore, lies between separation and continued unity.

Defence

A second point that emerges very strongly from "Canada and World Politics" is the vital nature of defence in the relations of the several parts of the Empire. A hypothetical case may serve to bring this out. Suppose a Canadian citizen doing business in Turkey is attacked on the streets of Smyrna, thrown into prison, and his goods, bearing his name and Company, confiscated. Suppose, too, that the Turkish government turns obstinate and refuses blankly to listen to the knocks and telephone calls of the Canadian Consul, or the Canadian Ambassador, or even the voice of the Canadian Prime Minister relayed and magnified from Ottawa. Suppose, in short, that the nasty and brutish point is reached where it seems that only primitive and essentially unscientific appeals are of any avail, where in fact force had become necessary if the Canadian citizen is not to die in prison, or be released a pauper.

Any demands on Turkey would need, it seems, to be backed by some considerable force, if they were to be effective. And this principle holds good for all action in an international atmosphere in which peace is still a gentle alien, and war the oldest inhabitant. Somehow or other Canada's word has to be based on effective military or naval power, and in spite of encouraging signs like the League of Nations, the Locarno Pact, and the Briand-Kellogg treaty, it must remain the situation for some time to come.

British Protection

This being the case, the question of Empire or separation, or alliance, for Canada revolves itself simply into the question of armament. Within the Empire she has the armament of Great Britain with her; out of it she has, now "two destroyers and four mine sweepers with a total complement of less than two hundred." Or again out of the Empire, she might have, under the Monroe Doctrine or by definite alliance, the support and protection of the American army or navy. To substitute membership in an American Empire for membership in the British Empire is an aimless project, even if it were not one entirely out of tune with present Canadian thought.

There remains the League of Nations, of which Canada is an independent and rather prominent member. It is possible to argue that Canada could rely on this association

ENGINEERS SHOWN SLIDES OF QUEBEC

Mr. Nicholls Tells of Developments in Lake St. John District

Last Friday's meeting of the Engineering Students' Society was highly successful, appealing as it did to the "inner man," and the engineering and aesthetic senses of the members present.

Prof. L. H. Nicholls was the guest speaker, his subject being "The Lake St. John Country." Effectively illustrated with some very fine slides depicting various parts of the country north of Quebec, the all too short speech given by Prof. Nicholls easily interested the engineers.

In the years 1923 and 1926 Mr. Nicholls spent some time in the country around Lake St. John, and when he returned there last summer he was much surprised at the great development of water power. The new well-known Saguenay River, flowing south from Lake St. John, is running huge generators supplying power for Quebec and adjacent territory. Paper mills naturally followed the establishment of the power plants, since both wood and power are now easily obtained in the district.

Mr. Nicholls' pictures of the spring floods evoked much interest. The proportions attained by these floods presented a big problem for both residents and power plant officials in the district, but in future the plants concerned will probably be much more able to cope with emergencies.

MEDICAL CO-EDS BANQUET

Tuesday night, the twelfth, was the time, the Macdonald place, and skulls the motif of the decoration, in so far as that decoration was medical. The guests were Mrs. E. L. Pope, Mrs. D. M. Revell, Mrs. Butterworth, Dr. Newell, Miss F. E. Dodd.

Mrs. Butterworth spoke briefly and entertainingly. Mr. Barnett accomplished things in spite of the piano. Mr. Reg. Hart and Mr. Doug. Roxborough were welcomed enthusiastically, not only for themselves, but because the ladies had actually waited for them and for the music too.

The evening, under the guidance of Viola Rae, was really not without its interest, and with the holding of this, the fourth banquet, a certain amount of precedent is being formed. This precedent is not of a nature to dampen anyone's spirits—spirits are best undampened.

for protection if she declared her independence. But this would assume a new basis of international relations, one in which force would not be employed or employable, for, of course, the League hires no military or naval forces. The bravest idealist would hesitate to maintain that force has yet gone so completely out of date.

It is practical politics, therefore, rather than the theoretical difficulties of imperial federation, annexation or what not, that gives most substance to the position taken by Professors Corbett and Smith. "It would seem," they say, "that the best thing that we can do is to retain the constitutional unity of the Empire substantially in its present form, merely improving the mechanism so as to eliminate unnecessary friction and to secure the best practical results." (p. 173.)

A Diplomatic Service

And this leads us to the third and last point raised by this book. If we value our Empire association and wish to keep it, nothing is more pressing important at the present instant than the development of a trained body of public servants who know and understand foreign affairs thoroughly, inside and out. The expansion of the Department of External Affairs is already in progress, and the appointment of ambassadors with their attendant staffs is stimulating an interest in that branch of political life among many younger men who might otherwise never have considered entering politics of any kind.

But diplomacy and diplomats cannot be evolved by Act of Parliament or the shrewdest patronage, and Professor Smith lays a wise emphasis on the necessity of attracting carefully trained and knowledgeable men for this important service.

At the same time if we agree with the general thesis of our authors, the establishment of foreign offices in Washington, Tokio, and Paris, is rather like putting the cart before the horse. The cardinal requisite of the best imperialism is intimate co-operation between London and the Dominion capitals. This is almost wholly neglected. Canada needs her best diplomats, her most wideawake students of foreign affairs in London first of all, so that a smooth interplay of the imperial parts may take place. As this advances, the imperial unit will be able to undertake with greater knowledge and, therefore, greater effect, the more difficult tasks of diplomacy in foreign capitals.

Canada's national growth in foreign affairs is only just begun. The courageous steps taken during the last three or four years are to be applauded, both for their courage and their wisdom. But we have entered a strange and difficult field of national action, and inexperience is bound to tell. In the opinion of many it is already telling. Canada's anxiety to be independent is making her "press," in the golfing sense, and all advice should be considered.

The work of Professors Corbett and Smith contains much sound advice, from men who have been deeply engaged in the practical conduct of the matters of which they write. There can be no doubt that serious students of Canada's political history and future owe them a debt.

The Undergrad

By Y.

Seven o'clock. In the enchanted castle (that's what we call Pem when we feel mellow) there's magic in the air. Downy freshette and svelt senior, they're thrilled to the toes of their silver slippers.

"Dearie, will you fix this rose in my hair? Who's wearing your bracelet tonight? Oh, thank you!"

Seven-thirty. The lordly male attires himself. Hey, which of you fellows swiped my studs? Migosh, Buddy, that's powerful dope you've got on your hair! She won't be able to resist you now. Aw, shut up!

Eight o'clock. There's the bell! Let's go down, anyway. Girls peeping through the door—you know the one. Is my man out there? Yessir, there he is, Margie. Out she comes, very demure. Hello. Is it windy out? Oh, dear, my hair!

Eight-thirty. Doesn't the lounge look great? Those valiant patronesses deserve a medal. Good evening, good evening, good evening, good evening, good evening, good evening. Now—we're off.

Today we were harassed students in a winter world of work. Tonight we dance in Arcady, where every man is brave, and all the women fair. Blossoms overhead rival the blush on the maiden's cheek when—well, what do you expect when the lights are that way, and Jack Bowman plays such waltzes? Girls, isn't he perfectly divine?

Eleven o'clock—we're rather glad. Heavens, can this be the gym, the erstwhile scene of gory combat. The Aggies certainly know their groceries. Pass the olives, please—take lots. Who's the plump party over there? Oh, that's Bobby Harrison. You should have read the Casserole he—look out, you're spilling the candle grease! Lights up—disillusionment—came the dawn.

Twelve. Let's sit down here, and watch 'em dance by. The shorter they are in daytime, the longer they wear them at night—sure, it's the law of compensation. Sort of oriental effect on these couches, don't you think? When I was a king in Babylon, and you were my—oh, here they are—our dance, I think?

One o'clock. Oo! the balloons are coming down. Aren't they beautiful—like bubbles. Don't break it, Bill! Just like a man. Whenever he sees something pretty he wants to spoil it. There's a red one. That's right, take the air out, and we'll take it home.

One last waltz, one last look at the fairy mountains, and we are back in the world again. The National Anthem sounds so final—a gentle reminder that life is earnest and the degree is, after all, the goal.

And so, good-night. The end of a perfect Undergrad.

GIRL HOCKEYISTS LOSE TO MONARCHS

Score 4-1—Left Thursday for East—Betty Wallace Was Injured

The Varsity girls' hockey team was put out of the running for the provincial ladies' hockey championship when they lost their third game 4-1 against the Monarchs on Tuesday night. The Varsity team showed improvement, and held their opponents scoreless until Betty Wallace, their goalie, was hit over the eye by the puck.

The Monarchs pressed hard at first and Betty Wallace stopped numerous hard shots. Varsity began to play combination, however, and had the most of the territory play towards the end of the first period.

Betty Wallace Injured

Just after the start of the second period Margaret Pruden, of the Monarchs, took the puck the whole length of the ice, only to have her shot hit the goal post. When Betty Wallace was injured a few minutes later, Kae Craig left the forward line to go in goal. Considering that she has not played this position before, she did very well. There were several breath-taking scrambles in front of Varsity's goal, but no harm was done until Elaine Ross stickhandled right through the Varsity team, and Kae Craig didn't have a chance to save. Just before the end of the period Margaret Pruden increased the Monarchs lead on another close-in shot.

The Monarchs started out in the third period at a speedy clip, and Madeleine Case and Margaret Pruden each scored a goal. Varsity worked hard, and Cal Ross saved them from a shut-out when she skated through the entire Monarch team and scored on her own rebound.

Lineup: Varsity: Goal, Betty Wallace; defence, Ursula McLatchie, Cal Ross; forwards, Dot Sproule, Kae Burgess, Mary Scofield, Kae Craig, Kathleen Campbell, Laura Gourlay. Monarchs: Goal, Dot Howie; defence, E. Nairn, Elaine Ross; forwards, Margaret Pruden, Madeleine Case, Vi Davis, Marjorie Stevenson, Helen Wolf.

The Varsity ladies' hockey team left Thursday morning for the other prairie universities with the object of winning the ladies' inter-varsity championship. They will play against the University of Manitoba at Winnipeg on Friday night and against the University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon on Monday night. Here's hoping they do as well as the other Varsity athletic teams that have gone away this year.

SWIMMERS!

The Inter-Class Swim Meet will be held tomorrow night, February 16, in the Y.W.C.A. pool. Will all those interested please be on hand and give their classes their support.

CULTURE AND CAREER

(Continued from page one)

permitted to specialize, however he may clamour to do so. He should be allowed to attend short courses of lectures on every conceivable subject. Only one course of compulsory lectures would I insist that he have—on careers. A competent lecturer should discourse dispassionately on all types and conditions of career—from that of a statesman to that of a boil-weevil catcher's netherhold. At the completion of this two years, he will then decide on his future, with the advantage of some knowledge of what is open to him to do, and the advice of keen teachers who know him and know his abilities and enthusiasm. This latter, indeed, could be best secured by making these first two years compulsorily residential, and placing students in groups of a dozen or so under the personal charge of a tutor.

Until some such system is adopted, there will never be any real chance of utilising to the full the rich and multifarious energies and the nascent intellects of a rising generation. Above all, the student would achieve the consciousness of being in a centre of cultural life, and this would go far towards destroying the antithesis between Culture and Career which cripples all our student organizations at present.

—UNIVERSITY.

ELK WIN IN SLOW GAME OVER VARSITY

(Continued from page four)

Nick Melnyk especially deserved success when he fooled the Elk defence and drove a hard one at the cage—only to have the ubiquitous Howie save.

Two to One for Elks

Neither goal had been violated when the canto ended, and the teams renewed the conflict on equal terms. But not for long. A bare three minutes after the opening of this stanza, George Dame belted one from the blue line that Kemp just failed to intercept. And thirty seconds later Esdale sent in another from the same distance. Varsity's fighting spirit was now up, and the rest of the period saw some valiant efforts to beat the watchful Howie. Gilly Levell was the hero of the spasm. Successful in beating Howie once after a splendid individual effort, he very nearly followed up with another, but Howie saved as usual.

Disaster in the Closing Moments

The Elks entered the concluding canto with a goal to the good. But they little needed it. Duggan, then Maher, then G. Ferris added to their total before ten minutes were out, the last two shots at least being such as Kemp should have stopped. Gilly Levell reduced the Elks' lead by one with a pretty backhand shot. The team gave him little support, however, and allowed the Elks two more goals before full time—Esdale and Maher being the sharpshooters.

MIDWINTER DANCE

The Senior Class announces that the Midwinter Dance will be held this year on Friday, March 1. Les Crane and His Canadians will provide the music. The dance will be open to all Varsity students and their friends with the preference given to paid-up seniors. No invitations will be issued. Tickets will be on sale to seniors on Monday, Feb. 18; the balance will be sold starting at 8:30 a.m. Tuesday, Feb. 19. Tickets will be sold in the basement of the Arts Building.

AG. SHORT COURSE WELL UNDER WAY

University Gives Course Every Year to Acquaint Farmers With Its Work in Agriculture

The University's Agricultural Short Course for the year 1929 opened on Monday. This course, given by the teaching and investigational staff of the Faculty of Agriculture, provides an opportunity for the farmers of the province to obtain in a short time a first-hand knowledge of the work going on at the University for the betterment of Alberta agriculture.

It has been felt that there are many farmers, old and young, who would not feel justified in making the expenditure of time and money required by a regular university course, who would nevertheless welcome the opportunity to make some acquaintance with their provincial institution and its work. The short course is designed for just such men. It is being arranged at a season when the duties of the farm are less pressing, so that as many as possible may be able to take advantage of it. It is believed that those who attend will be able to get a real grasp of the spirit and direction of the University work in agriculture.

A programme has been prepared covering as completely as possible the more important aspects of the work. Lectures and demonstrations are being given in connection with soils, field and garden crops, common insect and disease pests, live stock, poultry, common diseases of animals and farm machinery. Inspection trips have also been arranged to some places of interest in Edmonton, including the packing plants, the Canadian Government elevator, and the Provincial Seed Cleaning plant.

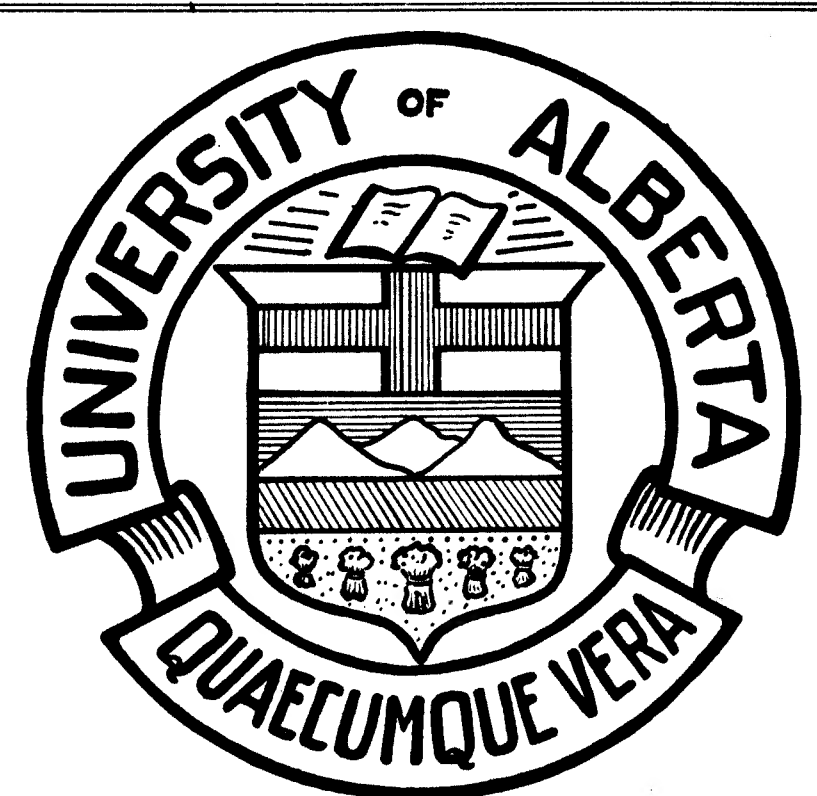
The foregoing programme of agricultural work is being supplemented by special lectures from members of other departments of the University, and from one or two members of the provincial government, on topics of special interest.

There are no fees, no entrance requirements and no age limits in this course.

NEW STAR TO APPEAR MARCH 15th

A phenomenon of interest is to occur on Friday, March 15th, when a new star never before observed in this part of the world will come into view. Technically known as "Stella Coccinea," or The Crimson Star, it will be seen to the best advantage from Convocation Hall.

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